erard a Little the Favorite in the Coming Football Game-The Betting on Smith and Kilrain-Scottish-American Boxing Competitions - Athletes in Orange - Skaters Ready for Their Annual Meet.



EALTHFUL sport will reign at Fleetwood this winter. Preparations are already making for two immense toboggan slides, one from the grand stand to the half-mile post and the other from the backstretch back to the grand stand. The "Americas' Winter New York," composed of such men as Alfred de Cordova, County Clerk Flack, Sheriff

Grant, Frank Hardy, Gabe Case and Secretary Floyd-Jones, have matters in charge and nothing will be left mdone to add to the pleasures of three months' festivities. The track is to be poded and frozen so that sleigh racing by flooded and 170Zen so that sieigh racing by electricity may have a chance and the space under the grand stand is to be cleared out, new fixtures put in and the club-house verands will be glass inclosed. The park will be made easy of access by means of carriages and sleigh stages, which will be run at all hours from the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street station of the Metropolitan Elevated Eallway.

Piscussion of the Harvard-Yale game to be layed on Thursday is growing heated. larvard was a slight favorite in the betting

It was supposed that 500 people paid their way into the Palisade Rink in Jersey City ast night to see a ten-round boxing match between Tommy Barnes and Jimmy Larkins, tween Tominy Barnes and Jimmy Larkins, at there was only \$100 to show for it and the feather-weights concluded not to fight, here were settos between Fowler and oung and Billy Dacey and Jack Delaney, and a three-round "go." decided to be "an ren draw," between Billy Dunne, of Philadiphia, and James McCormick, of Jersey.

Benny McGill says he will meet Billy avis at Jem Barclay's Sixth avenue place, raw up articles and put up the money for 500 a side, skin-tight glove fight to a finish

Five hundred dollars, to bet at evens on mith against Kilrain, has been placed in 30ly Edwards's hands by Mr. Robert Hasas, a Welsh sporting man. Mr. Haslan, in eaking of "Toff" Wall, said the English ddle-weight (?) would fight at about 160 Dempsey can be strong at 140

At the second monthly meeting of the Scot-ish-American Athletic Club, to be held in its tish-American Athletic Club, to be held in its club-house on Grove street, Jersey City, early next month, there will be another boxing competition for usedals, for amateurs. The special heavy-weight bout between J. McCormick and J. J. Van Houten ought to be a good one. It is to be an eight-round contest this time. McCormick got the decision in a former contest between these men. The Scottish-Americans are trying very hard to get together money to build a new athletic track in Jersey City.

The Manhattan Athletic Club's annual elecwill occur on or about Dec. 12.

Ned Plummer, the well-known sporting re-porter, leaves on Saturday by way of Havre or Bremen to witness the Smith-Kilrain

The Orange (N. J.) Athletic Club will have

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING. its winter games at Orange on Monday evening, Nov. 28. There will be fifteen events, among them a three-legged race, a hitch and kick, a high kick and a sack race.

Arty Kirker, the Harlem sporting man, Arty Kirker, the Harlem sporting man, says he didn't enjoy himself at the Smith-Curtin fight, at the West Side Driving Park, in Jersey City, last week, a bit. He was rolled on the floor by the mob with whom he tried to get out of the windows, was captured, and locked up over night. One Bleecker street sport, with his usual luck, managed to escape through a window, silk hat and all.

The National Amateur Skating Association will have its regular meeting a week from to-night at the Grand Union Hotel. Besides the annual election a programme of the winter's sports will probably be mapped out.

Gus Walton, the old-time amateur chamgood time in a walk from the Windsor Hotel, at Forty-seventh street, to One Hundred and Forty-ninth street and Mott avenue, Sunday afternoon. They made the journey uptown in one hour and thirteen minutes, not walking in such a manner as to attract attention. Coming back it was dark enough for them to "Americas' Winter ing in such a manner as to enough for them to coming back it was dark enough for them to spurt in their walking without making specspurt in their walking without making spec-tators think them crazy, and the distance home was covered in one hour six minutes two hours and nineteen minutes for the round trip.

> That wonderful "put" of the sixteen-pound shot by George Gray, of Canada, at the Mott Haven grounds on Saturday wasn't as wonderful a thing in the shot-putting line as are Page's wonderful jumps in their line; but Gray can surely throw forty-five feet, one foot one inch better than he has yet shown publicly if he has a mind to. "Why didn't publicly if he has a mind to. "Why d he do it Saturday?" Well, he got one gold medal for breaking the record. gold medal for breaking the record, and he may want another one next year. He put the shot only once, when he might have done much better if he had taken the two trials he had left. Gray is a curious fellow, as he showed at the championship meeting, and he has some funny notions tucked away in his head.

to prove that athletes as well as good horses come in all shapes and you can't tell how far a frog will jump till he tries.

The cost of the island the New York Athletic Club has just decided to purchase is \$60,000, and \$75,000 additional will be spent \$60,000, and \$75,000 additional will be spent in fitting it up. The space, about one hundred yards in width, between the island and the main land, now occupied by water not deep enough to row on, will be filled in and the club-house, which will be commenced with the opening of spring, will have dining and sleeping accommodations for 300.

They say up at the New York Athletic Club that big Barry doesn't sleep now nights since the talk of a bout between him and Buer-meyer started. Buermeyer and some others wanted the set-to to take place after the meet-ing to see about buying the island the other night, but Barry wanted to wait a while. Buermeyer hasn't sparred in two or three years.

You Must Know Your Ground.

[From Havper's Bazar.]
Mrs. Ménage—Now that you are so soon to be

W. B. Riber & Son.

Oct. 22, 1886.

Four Expectonant for my daughter, who has had lung frouble for a long time, and was fast using into consumption. I immediately stopped the MASTY MEDICINE the doctors were giving her and began on your medicine, following the directions implicitly. I have just given her the last of one bottle for an and sek you to publish this statement for the good of others. The pain in her chest and the worrying, backing cough, which was INCESSANT and ment distressing, has ENTHELY DISAPPEARED. I helieve my daughter is as well to-day as she has ever been in her life, but I shall use the remaining bottle of EXPECTORANT, giving small doses daily to make sure. It seems almost beyond belief that a trouble so serious and of such long standing should be CURED IN FOUR DAYS. Again thanking you for this blessing, I remain, yours gratifully.

PLANS AND DOINGS OF PLAYERS OFF AND ON THE STAGE.

Mr. Herbert Kelcey Lifts a Prostrate Damsel and Gladdens a Tender Heart at the Same Time-A Call for John R. Rogers-The Green-Eyed Mouster in Harrigan's Company-Interest in the Latest "She."



XCEEDING reckless. ness is shown by fool-ish young women who worship at the shrines of pretty actors and sigh over such lovely productions as Mantell, Sothern, Bellew and Henry Miller, as is proved by the following incident which oc-

ing incident which occurred a couple of days ago. Two elegantly dressed girls were crossing Sixth avenue at Twenty-ninth street when one of them saw when one of them saw the form of Herbert Kelcey approaching with its usual rhythmical swing. "Isn't he

too nice?" she said to her companion. "I'd give anything or do anything to have that man speak to me." "Don't talk such nonsense," retorted the other: "or if you do don't let it be so loud." The young woman, however, looking at Kelcey instead of where she was going, caught her foot in the track so suddenly that it brought her to the ground. She uttered a cry of pain. Kelcey, who was but a few yards away, of course was but a few yards away, of course advanced, all beautiful anxiety and tender manliness. He litted the prostrate damsel, brushed the dust from her jacket with his be-heliotroped, handkerchief, dropped his came, picked it up, raised his hat, and exclaimed in sweetest tones, "Oh, I do hope you are not hurt!" He gave her one expressive glance and departed. What the damsel said to her friend is not known, but the expression on her face was one of such sublime happiness that Raphael, Angelo, Holbein or any other dealer in expressions ought to have been there to see it.

John R. Rogers, Minnie Palmer's marital John R. Rogers, Minnie Palmer's marital and theatrical manager, never loses an opportunity of bringing that young woman and (incidentally, of course), himself before the public, At the Brooklyn Park Theatre last week, "My Brother's Sister" was given, Mr. Rogers distributed printed letters begging the audience to answer these questions: "Do you like the title of the play?" "Do you like the story?" "Do you like the songs and music?" and "Can you suggest any improvements?" To the last question one gentleman wrote as follows: "Yes, I can, Put Johnnie Rogers on in a song and dance." Rogers on in a song and dance."

Mrs. Ménage—Now that you are so soon to be married and go to housekeeping, Franceline, I would suggest that you go into the kitchen for a few hoors every day.

Franceline—Why, mamms, I am sure that Charley never asked me to be his wife to get his dinner.

Mrs. M.—But, my dear, to know the names of things in a kitchen will give you so much confidence in your ability to scold your servants.

That Nasty Medicine.

Oct. 22, 1886.

Several members of Harrigan's company are said to be extremely dissatisfied because in the new play called "Pete" to be produced to-night they have been assigned very small parts. Mr. Harrigan will introduce two or three new members in this play, and this the old ones do not like. Mrs. Yeamans has a very small part, and Miss Annie Langdon is also in the background. The former lady, who is one of Mr. Harrigan's eleverest actresses, is known in slang parlance as a "kicker." Several members of Harrigan's company

actresses, is known in slang parlance as a "kicker."

The sale of seats for the production of She" at Niblo's next week commences on Thursday. The interest that attaches itself to the novel is shown by the number of orders for seats for the play secured by E. G. Gilmore. The feeble attempts made to producing. The feeble attempts made to produce "She" out of town have been dismally disastrous. As before stated, no sooner do New York managers announce their intention of producing the dramatization of a book than out-of-town people follow in their footsteps without any facilities at hand. Mr. Rider Haggard's written authorization, sent to Mr. William Gillette, is, of course, simply

an acknowledgment of the approuncement that Gillette will pay him royalties. There is no legal necessity for royalties. The inter-national copyright question is, however, slightly backneyed.

Arthur Wallack and Charles Alfred Byrne are in working harness. They have just completed another play called "Temptation." Charles Alfred Byrne is a new and revised edition of C. A. Byrne.

Dixey opened last night in San Francisco. The advance sale before his arrival included every seat in the house, for the opening night. It is the comedian's intention to remain in California for five weeks. E. E. Rice, who is with Dixey, will return this week, if anything definite can be said in advance about the movements of so erratic a gentleman.

The production of "Held by the Enemy" at the Grand Opera-House next Monday, and of "She" at Niblo's, will show Mr. Gillette's work in two of the largest theatres in America on the same evening.

Kher's "Anarchy" is produced by Messrs. French and Sanger, Joseph Hawerth and Miss Annie Rohe, will appear in the leading parts. The play may be presented for a season on the road. The indications are that the title will not meet with favor, if the opinion of outside managers go for anything.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The World" by One of the Best Known City Chefs. At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for \$1.

Sour. Beef Broth with Rice.

Fish. Lobster Croquettes. Lamb. Roast. Baked Potato. Celery.

DESSERT. Corn-Starch Pudding. Ginger Soaps. Cheese. Chocolate.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18c. to 20c.
Surboin steak, 10c. to 20c.
Lag mutten, 14c. to 10c.
Lamb chops, 20c. to 28c.
English motion chops, 25c.
Lamb hindq ters, 12c. to 16c.
Veal cutiets, 28c.
Sweetbreads, 86 per desen.
Calves' heads, 50c. to 69c.
Roasting big, \$8.50 each.
Roastinkson, 12c. to 20c.
Squabs, \$5.50 to 45c.
Squabs, \$5.50 pair.
Level of the state of the state

Guai, #3.00 pe. \$2.50 dos.
Plover \$3 dos.
Plover \$4 dos.
Plover \$4

Answers to Correspondents. I. C. T.—There are many ways by which furni-ture is obtained on the instalment plan. No ques-tions can be answered without a knowledge of the agreement and how it reads.

"NERVE FOODS" FOR WOMEN.

How the Brouddia Habit Fixes Itself Upon the Ladies of Beston. [Boston Letter to Chicago Pribane,]
The extent to which the mania for incluigence in

The extent to which the mania for induigence in so-called "nerve soothing" drugs is spreading may well excite alarm. An apothecary was asked the other day for a small quantity of some sleep-producing mixture. He handed over an ounce bottle of a brownish solution, which he poured from a huge jar that he look from the topmost shelf. abeif.

" Harmless, I suppose?" the customer said. "' Quite so," was the reply. "Fifty cents, if you please."
"Do you mind telling me just what the pre-

"Certainly not. I have the formula here in my book!"-turning over the leaves rapidly. book "-turning over the leaves rapidly. "We keep it ready made in quantities, because there is such frequent call for it. Yes, I have it now. 'For each fluid drachm, fifteen grains bromide of potassium, fifteen grains choral, one-eighth of a grain of hashesh and one-eighth of a grain of henbane."

potassium, fiteen grains chloral, one-eighth of a grain of hasheesh and one-eighth of a grain of henbane."

"But those ingredients are all polsons."

"Yea, they are," admitted the anothecary, reinctantity; "but so long as you don't take too much of them they are not at all dangerons."

Perhaps not. But this stuff—it is known as "brominial"—may be purchased by the quart at any chemist's. Its formula is one of the most valuable with which medical science is acquainted. For the treatment of certain nervous affections it is unequalled. But, unfortunately, the bromidia habit is as readily acquired as it is difficult to relinquish, and, the taste for it once obtained, its victim soon becomes a hopeless slave. Plenty of such mixtures are exposed with inviting labets upon every apothecary's counter. Oh, yes; they feed the nerves. Nothing like them to put people to sleep—in the coffin. Plenty of women who are regarded as hopeless invalids by their unsuspecting friends are simply slaves to the nerve-food vice. A drowsy, helpiess, and progressive laxiness is the marked symptom of this highly artificial compliaint.

"Poor Mrs. Simkinsit' sighs a sympathetic acquaintance, "she is such a sufferer. Nearly all her time is spent on the sofa, and her nerves are so weak that she has to take no end of medicine to strengthen them."

As a matter of fact Mrs. S. deserves little commisseration. She would enjoy very fair health did she not keep herself constantly under the induced

As a matter of fact Mrs. S, deserves little commiseration. She would enjoy very fair health did she not keep herself constantly under the influence of poisons. Take her medicine-bottle away and she might be well again. There is a preparation called "avens sativa," a drop or two of which is an almost certain remedy for nervous headache. It is exceedingly powerful; yet there is a lady in Boston who takes it by the pint. She would die without it, she says, and it is very likely. Women buy hogsheads of such stuff. Taey even feed it to the bables.

A British Opinion of Sullivan.

(Philadelphia Bulletin's London Letter.)
Sullivan is a disappointment. Perhaps it is that we are accustomed to a higher class of fighting person, a more finished lot than those who affect person, a more finished lot than those who affect "the fancy" are accustomed to, on your side of the Atlantic. It may be that our expectations were extravagant. I cannot say. An animal with spiendid points is J. L. Sullivan. I never saw a more superb torso; never more muscular arms. But when back, chest, arms and towering stature are extolled, the critic of bone and muscle must become, well, critical. Sullivan has the most indifferent pair of legs I ever saw upon the body of a gladiator. The clever people—the people who know all about the art and practice of 1e boxe—are not enamored of Sullivan's style. In fact, Smith's reputation advanced a hundred per cent., by sheer force of contrast, as before Sullivan was half through his round with Ashton. 'No form, no form, "was the remark that was repeatedly made. Neither attitude nor "weaving" met with the approval of good Judges. 'What a lot of luck he must have had to knock his men out with that kind of stuff!" I heard an old Corinthian say. It is the opinion of the majority of the experts that he has one "swashing blow" and one only that entitles him to be considered a big lighter, and that is his right. Everything, in their view, will depend on his getting that home. Concerning the mau's tremendous power of litting—his brute strength—they say nothing. It speaks for itself. It is as a boxer, as a scientific exemplar of the noble art, that judges of the same prohounce him a disappointment. the fancy" are accustomed to, on your side of pronounce him a disappointment

[From the Philadelphia Times.] There isn't a night at some of the theatres that messenger boy doesn't carry a big boquet to the box office for some actress. The boquets range in price from \$3 to \$20. Men who have no acquainance with the actress go to the theatre, become tance with the actress go to the theatre, become smitten with her, and the next nightrush into a florist's and commit the folly of buying her flowers. Men usually send their cards and address stanched to the bonquet. Some send letters begging the acquaintance of the actress. The different methods of presenting floral tributes to favorite actresses and singers is curious to remark. In the old days they were thrown upon the stage at the feet of the favored arisise and came directly from the hand of the donor. Occasionally the card of the giver was attached to the floral tribute. Nowadays it is the custom to hand the floral tribute.

utes over the footlights. This is done by the ushers, and as the usher marches down the centre is with the foral design everywordy in the suddence knows what is going to hope one before the presentation. The usher cruches behind the leader of the orderstrains waits for his opportunity. Generally the actives knows what is going to have a supportunity the special of the

Links Surfation in Philadelphia Press, 1

The rivalry between the magazines of New York is very great at present. Their market is the whole country. Their revenues increase with the growth of intelligence. As their success depends on the quality and attractiveness of their contents, there is intellectual as well as business rivairy and the extent to which this is carried may be seen in the damboyant promises of the advertisements which they are issuing at this season of the year. Famous names are heralized abroad by the pullishers, and moving or taking themes, or fascinating romances or charming limstrations are put in competition with others of the kind until one is almost lownidered by the speciacle. All this farnishes opportunity for competent writers in every field of leiters, and it is certain that never before were the openings so great for such writers in our country. Young literary assirants are laways assuring each ofter that there is no cannee for genus nowadays, but they can learn in the office of every magnatine that the competition to secure "genius" is actively pursued the year round.

The influence of the New York magazines upon the literary and artistic culture of the country is very great, and it is a matter of pride that the character of all of them makes them worthy of their fortunes. on the quality and attractiveness of their contents,

Suggestion for a Home-Made Dinner Dress

[From a Paris Letter.] And here is a very charming but easily-made dinner dress, one quite within the reach of her who superintends the making of her own gown. The bodice and train are of rich black brocade sik. The petticoat is first a foundation of black silk, Over this is a full skirt of braided lace, to which are lightly attached at intervals of four inches, are lightly attached at intervals of four inches, bands of moss-green velvet, some three inches wide, reaching from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. These bands of velvet are sharply pointed at the end and finished with a tassel of braids. The gathering of the lace is so arranged that the fulness comes only between the velvet pieces, and to give more grace the bands narrow as they approach the waist. The easy flowing effect of the whole is added to by a ciever use of braid fringe on the lace.

Young Mr. Sissy (who has been at the plane for over an hour, to hostess)-Bave you seen Miss Twillingham, my dear Mrs. Hobson; I have searched both parlors and the conservatory? Hostess—Yes, Mr. Sisay, I saw her just as yo finished your last symphony; she complained of sudden severe headache, and begged to be ex-cused.

____ He Felt Bad.

[Prom ih: St. Paul Globs.] Chicago Citizen—Hello, Jones I how is business Jones-Quiet. "You don't look as bright and cheerful as you

nsed to."

'No. I'm afraid I ain't as popular as I used to be."

'What makes you think so?"

'I hain't received an infernal machine this week."

PAIN AND WEAKNESS IN BACK.

Pain and weakness in back, side, chest and limbs are Tonic, which is the greatest medical discovery of the

Tonic, which is the greatest medical discovery of the century. The cure is positive and certain, and a trial of the remedy will not disappoint you.

Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic has cured me completely of rheumatian and neuralgia in back and side. have been under the care of many doctors for my disease, but to no benefit. I had not been able to attend to my business for three years before I commenced taking this remedy. I will take an oath, and my wife will also, if any is required, that I have been completely cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic. I have lived for ten years at my present and diress, and am well known.

JAMES BOWN.

27 Market st., New York City. 27 Market st., New York City.

PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Dr. Greene, the eminent and skilful physician, may be consulted on all diseases free of charge, personally or by letter, at his office, 35 West 18th st., New York. His book, "Nervous Diseases, How to Cure Tuem," mailed

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Mesers, Abbey, Schoellel and Gran bes respectfully to amount of the Concerts TROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE

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MATINEE THANKSGIVING DAY,
Solid Success, THE
HIALK FALLST,
Splendid Singing, Costumes and Scensry,
Full of Fun.
New first part finale,
"Thanksgiving at Washington Market."
THREE NEW BALLADS.

THREE NEW THRATRE.
STAR THRATRE.
Managers.—Abboy, Schoolfel & Grau.
MR. HENRY HIVING.
MISS ELLEN TERM.
And the Lycomy Company
Every night except Saturdays,
That I Saturday.
Matines "Faunt" Saturday.
Matines "Faunt" Saturday.

Matinee Faust Saturday.
Saturday night, Nov. 26,
"THE BELD S & JINGLE."

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE

Corner 31st st. and 3d ave.

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RESERVED BENJ. MAGINLEY

DEATS. DW. J. Florence's play. INSHAVOGUE,
EXTRA MAT. THANKSGIVING.
Nov. 28, Australian Noveity Co.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL. NINTH WEEK.

ROBSON AND CRANE, in Bronson Howard's great American Comedy, THE HENGLETT A. Special Matines Thursday (Thankagiving Day), Nov. 24.

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Broadway and 39th st.

Evenings at 8.

SPECIAL MATINES THANKS GIVING DAY.

Casino's Most Beautini Comic Opera Production, the

RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER.

Great Cast. Chorus of 50. Admission, 50c.

Great Cast. Chorus of 50. Admission, 50c.
** Next Sundsy Evening Grand Popular Concert.
Menday, Nov.28, the Sparkling Comic Opera Madelon

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

M. W. HANLEY HARRIGAN.

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Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 22, Grand Production of Five Arthur Harright Harrig

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MAILING WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY,
EXTRA MATINE THANKSGIVING DAY,
HOME AGAIN,
DENMAN THOMPSON,
THE OLD HOMESTEAD,
Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.11

Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 30c., 75c., 61, \$1.50.11

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GOMPANY.

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HARD STANDARD OF THE CORNAL CTV.

With its gorgeous attractions.

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The Hindoe Comic Opera, by the MCCAULL.

HE CAUM.

MATINERS THANKSGIVING AND BATURDAY.

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HOLD HEATER WIFE.

THANKGIVING THE WIFE.

WALLACK'S.
SPECIAL MATINES THANKSGIVING DAY.
TO NIGHT (TUESDAY), CASTE.
Wednesday, Thursday Mat.
Thursday, School. Friday, Caste.
Saturday Mat. Caste. A CADEMY OF MUSIC.

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Evenings at 8, Matines Thanksgiving and Saturday.

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TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW. POOLE'S THEATRE. STH ST. AND 4TH AVE.

The strongest drama of the present day.

THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN.

Secure seats. With a great cast.

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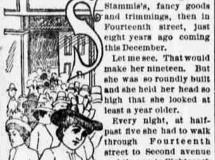
Begins at 8.50. Saturday Matthew at 2.

THE MATTAYR.

WITH A STRONG CAST.

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A Realistic Story of New York Life by Nym Crinkle. THE was floor girl in



make her nineteen. But she was so roundly built and she held her head so high that she looked at least a year older. Every night, at halfpast five she had to walk through Fourteenth street to Second avenue and then up to Eighteenth street to get home. There

were two girls who lived

MF vover in that direction

who were generally her companions. They were both in Stammis's place and were known as Lida Mallon and Kate Murphy. Every night for a year these girls went through Fourteenth street, turned up the Second avenue and separated on the corner of Eighteenth street. Lida Mallon was a little viva-

clous, red-headed creature, with here and there a freckle. Kale Murphy was the oldest of the three and Mogether the most sedate. The girls in Stammis's sald she had been married, but girls have a way of guessing at these things that I do not underand. She was a dark, square-shouldered woman Who was rather melancholy and very quiet.

The other girl was Maggie Brush. No one ever hoticed Lida or Kate as they passed along. how Maggie caught all the attention. It's hard for me to tell why. 'Pon my word, if you were to ask he how I couldn't explain it to you. " I've heard men discuss it for hours and always disagree as to what it was, but always agree that it was there. She was a tride above the medium height. But the siways looked taller than she really was. I've seen bets lost time and again on her height. She had an erect way of carrying herself, as if she were looking down on you-don't you know, and you couldn't escape the feeling, even if you were six feet high. But it couldn't have been that alone that made people notice, yet women purchasers who went into Stampets's used to say when they had looked at them: "Oh, my, I wonder who she is With her proud airs." Four years later Alfred Thompson, the artist, said to her one day: ear, the Graces built you, but it was Giofto himhelf who struck with his divine pencil those two

curves on your forehead. had a good-looking round face and a ticar complexion, with two big eyes, the color of well, I'm hanged if I know what to compare the color to. I never saw exactly the same color in any other eyes. It was what the painters call raw

umber-a cool, grayish brown. You've seen it on the mountain side in Septemer when the skies were blue. You may have officed it sometimes in the ashes of your best gar as you dipped it off in a blue sancer. And farkish eyenrows that were the oddest you ever reddish-brown hair on her head, which hair was away in his spectacles. exactly the color of pulled taffy, whereas these

evebrows were sure to make you think she had blacked them-but Lord, she never thought of

It was not the color of them so much as the absurd way in which they arched themselves on her forehead. Poor girl, she couldn't help her eyebrows and a freekle round her nose.

without saying to himself, the brute: " Heavens, how I would like to be kissed by that!" could understand. Her old mother didn't have

never, never could have been beautiful. as if nature had paniers and corsets of her own

and snapped her fingers at the costumers. And so she has, girls-don't you forget it. Perhaps you understand now why Maggie was

the girl of the three that attracted attention. The fact is, Maggie was one of those girls that men call stunning, and women who are not

* fine-looking. " now, move along, madam," and Maggie inno

painted on it:

Where did she come from ? Her father, fifty-eight years old, lived in the pasement of the old-fashioned three-story house, hat you can see standing still on the north side of Eighteenth street, between the First and Second avenues. He was an Englishman, and he had ived there fourteen years.

There were only three of them-the old man, the old woman and Maggie, unless we count in Lida, who spent a good deal of her time there for reasons which I will tell you presently. A little sign on the basement window had this

A patient, methodical, industrious old man, h and become with years of monotonous drudgery little better than a machine. You could see his and over these mild, changeable eyes were two white head through the dirty panes of the basement window at nearly all times, as he stood at his Maw. In the first place, they were darker than the little work-bench in a tick apron and tinkered

A steady patfonage in trivial jobs had set in with

meh a thing, and at that time I don't believe she had ever heard of such a thing.

Where was I. Oh, yes, her mouth. Well, it wasn't one of those little, saucy, pinched affairs. It was a big mouth, cherry red, with two little key-boards in it upon which a deep contralto voice made music. No man ever saw it when she laughed

Where she got her mouth and eyebrows, I never them, and her father, bless my soul, he had a hard, square jaw and two or three white bristles that

Something more about Maggie. Have a little patience and give me free scope, and I'll tell you f I can, though this is the hardest part. Up to this time clothes had never dressed her-the curious thing was that she dressed the clothes, I hope you know what I mean. She was poor, but it made no difference what she threw on, it fell into the curve of her body and began to get style from somewhere. If she wore one of those hidous and cheap waterproofs that make most girls look like old umbrelias that will not shut up, somehow it began to spring out here and bend in there,

stunning with a look of their heads acknowledge

During the first week that she was in Stammis's he was so tired with standing on her feet all day that she used to stop and sit down and rest when on her way home on old Judge Fancher's white marble steps down there near Second avenue. And one night the butler came down the steps and, seeing some one dimly in a water-proof, said: "Come, cently lifting her eyebrows at him, he changed his tune. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, can I go in and get you a glass of water or wine?"

JOHN BRUSH, Umbrellas Mended and Canes Re-ferruled, General Jobbing Attended To.

And the reason-I suppose I might as well a knowledge it at once-was Maggie's cycbrows, I've

very well.

SHE USED TO CRY A LITTLE AT FIRST, ALL TO HERSELF. the years. People for blocks away knew that often thought since, if she could only have had John Brush could mend a parasol or a fan, cement a vase, fix a dog collar or patch a piece of old | would have jorged on. furniture with wonderful patience and curious him busy, and Mrs. Brush sometimes helped him. When, as occasionally happened, there was a rush Frank Perebeau, a young man who worked in Baur & Ketchum's coach factory, and the two of them would give the evening to it under a little in a couple of astonishing curves, and he gave a kerosene lamp, merrily enough so far as Frank | gasp. was concerned, for Maggie was sure to be somewhere about, and if she wasn't, why Lida would be there with her vivacity, and next to Maggie's magnificence, Lida's long tongue and chirrupy

laugh was Frank Perebeau's delight. It was a jolly picture that you might see of winter nights when the men were at work and the girls coming home from the store, looked first in at the window to see Frank in his shirt sleeves, and through the open door Mrs. Brush, in her white apron, waiting at the little supper table for them and knitting. Then they would burst in, and the great, hearty Maggie would kiss her old pair of them would race through into the warm ack room and set everything astir. Those were merry though humble times, everything went along so evenly and regularly. They didn't want much and they managed somehow to get an enormous amount of happiness out of their absurd affection for each other. But, of course, this couldn't last, as you know

them pulled out or burnt off, how nicely things Some mouths before she went to Stammis's the

skill, and not ask a big price for doing it. He was eyebrows began to exert their inducace. But I neveridle. There was always something to keep | don't think the poor girl thought much about it. Slocum, the butcher's apprentice, three doors up, used to whistle her praises for hours at night on of jobs, he sent round in Nineteenth street for the area railing, and he even alluded to her as 'sweetmeats" among his rude companions, but when he spoke to her she turned on her eyebrows

I suppose patient old John Brush never noticed ow things were going. When did it ever occur to a doting old man's heart to suspect that his lamb must draw all the wolves round his fold, and finally walk off with the worst coyote of them all? I don't believe it ever entered his head that it was stretching the umbrella business a point when young Finnarty came there three times in one week to have a ferrule fixed. To anybody but old Brush it would have flashed that Finnarty was a virtuese or a monomaniac in the matter of ferrules. Especially when, after coming three times about his umbreils, he walked off and forgot to father effusively as if to torment Frank, and the take it with him when it was fixed to his satisfaction. I don't suppose it ever dawned on John that as his girl budded out the business of fixing canes began to develop, and that finally waiking-sticks with broken joints and rickety knobs set in from long distances, sauntered down the Second avenue. jounged past the basement window, leaned up against the railing and hung round the work-bench with what looked like an awkward interest of the community in knobs and ferrules.

One day John Brush feil ill and took to his bed,

He caught a severe cold and had a slight congestion of the lungs. He did not complain. Both the old folk went along uncomplainingly, but the business stopped. It had never occurred to any of them that John could get sick, simply because they had never seen him sick. They had grown so accustomed to see him go through his daily toil in the same way for years without saying anything that admiration for Miss Brush. things must go on that way forherself, and Lida, who was getting \$6 a week in that Maggie began her career as a floor-girl. There wasn't any objection urged at home. .The old folks never objected to anything. They sometimes looked hurt or sad, and occasionally their

that was all. This was the step that made Maggie a woman and brought about all the terrible after conscquences.

I want you clearly to understand that she was a good girl. She knew nothing of the world though. Healthy, happy and unsuspecting, she was just as amiable and innocent as a good girl can be. Kind-hearted too. Why, she had no more idea of a firtation than you have of a human barbeene. If it ever occurred to her that her eyebrows had hurt somebody her tag eyes wanted to wipe out the wrong with tears. She had had a common school education, that was all; but she had a whole stock of things people call intuitions and feelings. How long do you suppose it took her to find out that she was not like the other girls in Stammis's. Why, they hated her the first day They made fun of her clothes so that she couldn't help be aring it. They called her " My dear," and dabbed her in the back, as you might say. med to imitate her and acrewed their cycbrows up, only it was a bad imitation, because, you see, hey did not have the eyebrows. She used to cry a ittle at first, all to herseif. But Lida was er friend and Kate Murphy liked her in a cold way, so that before the year was out she got a

little hardened to it and didn't mind it. Frank Perebeau used to ask her to let him come over on rainy nights and bring her home, but she | place." always laughed at him good-naturedly and said she wouldn't let him waste the time. John got anything in my life without consulting you. I ably in love as a man can be. well enough to work, but he never was as strong again; and Frank came over and helped him out his jobs, and matters went along castly enough for the year, without any other change than took place in Meggie. She dressed better, having the money to buy clothes, and grew daily more beautiful; and finally Frank Perebeau, in his shirt-sleeves, made love to her and told her he was going to marry her. He had talked it all over with the old folks,

She laughed at Frank Perebean, He didn't care for the laugh. It was the eye-

brows.

The next man that came along was Earnest parents." Sedley, and he came along in the most proper and careful way. He was the brother of Mr. Stam- | termine about the lady first," he said. "Fill tell nis's sister. He had a wealthy mother, and she had got Stammes to make him superintendent of one of the departments in the store. Maggie tnew in less than six months that Sedley liked her. In fact, every girl in the place knew it, especially the Roman-nosed Miss Beckwith, the cashier, whose gray eyes were always watching Maggie | her, and abide by your decision." through her little wicket at the cash desk.

Sedley was about as fit to be superintendent in a

There were many little opportunities to talk ver. Now he was on his back. Then it occurred her, and he told her bit by bit how his mother had Sedley's would have gone down there bridling and o Maggie that she ought to be able to take care of | insisted on his coming into the store and learning | naked that young indy what she meant by setting ner to be a business man, and how he had consented Stammis's, suggested that place. So it came about | just to please her, but how he was often tempted to | the counter and made a long investigation through run away and go on a ranch. He found out a her spectacles, and when she had pretty much good deal about Miss Brush, too, parily from made up her mind she said: "I am Mr. Sedley's herself and parily from Lida. There was mother. I've often heard him speak of you. He such a kindly consideration about him that admires you very much." watery eyes sliently overflowed at something; but it was impossible for a girl not to like him. But it took a good while to find out all his good qualities, and girls don't take time as a rule. They jump at these things headlong, as you will see tieman whose good opinion I would rather have. on enough. That Miss Brush did.

I can tell you pretty accurately how matters progressed with Sedley. The first month he said to himself: " Wonderfully pretty girl that for somebody. So intelligent,

I suppose she's as poor as a beggar. She quite interests me, " The second month he said: "Damme, I can't get that girl out of my head. If I wasn't a man of some will I should say she'd mashed me."

The third monta he said: "After all, what is

wealth or position or calling?

"Kind hearts are more than coronets And simple faith than Norman blood." eyond all power of control. She has become a ream of my life in spite of me. Without her I shall be absolutely and forever miserable, "

When the fifth mouth came he went to his

dowager mother and said: " Mother, I've found

out how you can make a man of me. You'll have to let me get married." The old lady looked up with well-bred surprise. . Why, you don't mean to say that you want to nult Stammer's. I thought you were beginning to show a most unexpected attachment for the

" Mother," said the young man, "I never did want to get married. Got the girl picked out, She's poor, humble, but angelie. I want you to go and see her, and then tell me if I can do better, Ordinarily Sedley could stop her questions when they were too prying by kissing her on the forehead and knocking off her spectacles. This time he didn't try it. The first question she asked was: Is she worthy?" To which he drew himself up and replied: " By all odds the worthlest I ever saw,"

"How long have you known her ?"

** Where is she ?"

She's down in Stammis's at the bugle counter. Her mouth seemed to say: "Oh, this is the fun- You'll know her by the old-fashioned English pla niest thing I ever heard of?" But her eyeldrows on her throat, it's a little cameo with a mosaid seemed to say: "I'm waiting for somebody better | figure in it. Notice her eyebrows-by heavens"-Restrain yourself my son, what are her

> you all about the old folks afterwards, " Do I understand you to say that this young lady has proposed to you 7" she asked, "Mother," he answered, "don't be absurd, and

Here he knocked her spectacles off. "Let's de

ion't put such a disagreeable accent on 'young lady. Haven't I consented to let you sppraise "Have you proposed to her."
"No, not absolutely. I've got a pretty good idea

trimmings department as you are, my dear girl, to of how she regards me. I've seen a good deal or run a locomotive. He was a vigorous intellectual her, and the other night when it was snowing I looking young man about twenty-seven years old, took her home in a coupé, and had a good, long who had kept an active place in college by his talk with her. She was sensible and as innocent as muscle. He walked about in Stammis's and tried a saint and as beautiful as a Madonna, and isn't to prevent the girls from seeing him yawn, and he going to throw herself away on a man that is unbetrayed an unbounded, but the most respectful worthy of her. It's all right as far as I am concerned. All I want is your approval."

Almost any other dowager mother that impertment cap for her son. Mrs. Sedley sat at

Miss Brush got slightly red, but she was not dis-pleased. "Mr. Sedley," she said, "has treated me with great kindness. I don't know any gen-"My dear," said Mrs. Sedley, "I'm going to aak you to come and see me. I want to talk with you. There's my card. Come up some time, do. Pm

The next day Miss Brush shook hands with Mr. Sedley when she came to the store, and blushed so that the Roman-nosed cashier saw it. It tickled him immensely.

interested in you."

shall propose to her then."

Spectacle business.

"She is an amazingly fine girl," said Mrs. Sedley, "but she paints her eyebrows. "Upon my soul she doesn't," said Sedley, flaring up, "She told me of your invitation, and I suggested to her to come up some evening to tea from the store with me, and she said it would be The fourth month he said: "I love that girl pleasant. I've got to go to Boston for a week. When I come back we'll have our little party, and you must try and like her for my sake, because I

IV. For two weeks the young man, despite his busiess in Boston, thought of little else than the girl he intended to marry. She had shaken hands and blushed as usual when he went away.

There was not the slightest doubt in his mind of the result. When a man is really in love there are few visible obstacles, and Sedley was as irredeem-He harried back from Boston and went to the

It was not there. He thought he saw the Romannosed cashler peering sardonically at him through

her wicket. Lida Mallon came up with an armful of bundles, " Where is Miss Brush ?" he asked. "Oh, she hasn't been here for two days."

" Is she sick ?" "Oh, no. Haven't you heard ? She's left."

" Yes, indeed." " What was the matter ?"

" Wny, she got married," Mr. Sedley looked at the little red-headed woman, and the smile on her freekled face seemed devilish. He looked at her so hard that she dropped one or two of her bundles.

He walked away in a bewildered frame of mind. es, there was the bugie counter, and another girl with short flaxen curis was waiting on the cusomers. It was all true,

But how it happened, and what were the terrible esults of it, I shall have to tell you in the next chapter.

[Continued Wednesday evening.]

store before going home. His eyes roved all over the counters for the face he had been dreaming